THE REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

On each side of the empty fireplace was a little green covered armchair, the one for madame and the other reserved for the use of the king. A small three legged stool between them was heaped with her workbasket and her tapestry. On the chair which was farthest from the door, with her back turned to the light, madame was sitting as the young officer entered. De Catinat, without having time to notice details, was simply conscious that he was in the presence of a very handsome woman and that her large, pensive eyes were fixed critically upon him and seemed to be reading his thoughts as they had never been read before.

"I think that I have already seen you, sir. Have I not?"

"Yes, madame. I have once or twice had the honor of attending upon you, though it may not have been my good fortune to address you."

"My life is so quiet and retired that I fear that much of what is best and worthiest at the court is unknown to me. You have served, monsieur?"

"Yes, madame. In the Lowlands, on the Rhine and in Canada."

"In Canada! Ah! What nobler ambition could woman have than to be a member of that sweet sisterhood which was founded by the holy Marie de l'Incarnation and the sainted Jeanne le Ber at Montreal? And doubtless you have had the privilege also of seeing the holy Bishop Laval?"

"Yes, madame, I have seen Bishop Laval."

"And I trust that the Sulpicians still hold their own against the Jesuits?"

"I have heard, madame, that the Jesuits are the stronger at Quebec and the others at Montreal."

"And who is your own director, monsieur?"

De Catinat felt that the worst had come upon him. "I have none, madame."

"Ah, it is too common to dispense with a director, and yet I know not how I could guide my steps in the difficult path which I tread if it were not for mine. Who is your confessor, then?"

"I have none. I am of the Reformed church."

The lady gave a gesture of horror, and a sudden hardening showed itself in mouth and eye. "What, in the court itself," she cried, "and in the neighborhood of the king's own person!"

"You will find, madame," said De Catinat sternly, "that members of my faith have not only stood around the throne of France, but have even seated themselves upon it."

"God has for his own all wise purposes permitted it, and none should know it better than I, whose grandsire, Theodore d'Aubigny, did so much to place a crown upon the head of the great Henry. But Henry's eyes were opened ere his end came, and I pray—oh, from my heart I pray—that yours may be also."

She rose and, throwing herself down upon the prie-dieu, sunk her face in her hands for some few minutes. A tap at the door brought the lady back to this world again, and her devoted attendant answered her summons to enter.

"The king is in the Hall of Victories, madame," said she. "He will be here in five minutes."

"Very well. Stand outside and let me know when he comes. Now, sir," she continued when they were alone once more, "you gave a note of mine to the king this morning?"

"I did, madame."

"And, as I understand, Mme. de Montespan was refused admittance to the grand lever?"

"She was, madame."

"But she waited for the king in the passage and wrung from him a promise that he would see her today?"

"Yes, madame."

"I would not have you tell me that which it may seem to you a breach of your duty to tell. But I am fighting now against a terrible foe and for a great stake. Tell me, then, at what hour was the king to meet the marquise in her room?"

"At 4, madame."

"I thank you. You have done me a service, and I shall not forget it. Now you must go, captain. Pass through the other room and so into the outer passage. And take this. It is Bossuet's statement of the Catholic faith. It has softened the hearts of others and may yours. Now, adieu!"

De Catinat passed out through another door, and as he did so he glanced back. The lady had her back to him, and her hand was raised to the mantelpiece. At the instant that he looked she moved her neck, and he could see what she was doing. She was pushing back the long hand of the clock.

Captain de Catinat had hardly vanished through the one door before the other was thrown open by Mlle. Nanon, and the king entered the room. Mme. de Maintenon rose with a pleasant smile and courtesied deeply, but there was no answering light upon her visitor's face, and he threw himself down upon the vacant armchair with a pouting lip and a frown upon his forehead.

"Nay, now this is a very bad compliment," she cried, with the gayety which she could assume whenever it was necessary to draw the king from his blacker humors. "My poor little dark room has already cast a shadow over you."

"Nay; it is Father la Chaise and the bishop of Meaux, who have been after me all day like two hounds on a stag, with talk of my duty and my position and my sins, with judgment and hell fire ever at the end of their exhortations."

"And what would they have your majesty do?"

"Break the promise which I made when I came upon the throne, and which my grandfather made before me. They wish me to recall the edict of Nantes, and drive the Huguenots from the kingdom. You would not have me do it, madame?"

"Not if it is to be a grief to your majesty. Bethink you, sire, that the Almighty can himself incline their hearts to better things if he is so minded, even as mine was inclined. May you not leave it in his hands?"

"On my word," said Louis, brightening, "it is well put. I shall see if Father la Chaise can find an answer to that. It is hard to be threatened with eternal flames because one will not ruin one's kingdom."

"Why should you think of such things, sire?" said the lady in her rich, soothing voice. "What have you to fear, you who have been the first son of the church?"

"You think that I am safe, then? But I have erred and erred deeply. You have yourself said as much."

"But that is all over, sire. Who is there who is without stain? You have turned away from temptation. Surely, then, you have earned your forgiveness."

"I would that the queen were living once more. She would find me a better man."

"I would that she were, sire."

"And she should know that it was to you that she owed the change. Oh, Francoise, you are surely my guardian angel, who has taken bodily form! How can I thank you for what you have done for me?" He leaned forward and took her hand, but at the touch a sudden fire sprang into his eyes, and he would have passed his other arm round her had she not risen hurriedly to avoid the embrace.

"Sire!" said she, with a rigid face and one finger upraised.

"You are right; you are right, Francoise. Sit down, and I will control myself. But how is it, Francoise, that you have such a heart of ice?"

"I would it were so, sire."

"No. But surely no man's love has ever stirred you! And yet you have been a wife. You did not love this Scarron?" he persisted. "He was old, I have heard, and as lame as some of his verses."

"Do not speak lightly of him, sire. I was grateful to him; I honored him; I liked him."

"You did not love him, Francoise?"

"At least I did my duty toward him."

"Has that nun's heart never yet been touched by love, then?"

"Spare me, sire, I beg of you!"

"But I must ask, for my own peace hangs upon your answer."

"Your words pain me to the soul."

"Have you never, Francoise, felt in your heart some little flicker of the love which glows in mine?" He rose with his hands outstretched, a pleading monarch, but she, with half turned head, still shrank away from him.

"Be assured of one thing, sire," said she, "that even if I loved you as no woman ever loved a man, yet I should rather spring from that window on to the stone terraces beneath than ever by word or sign confess as much to you."

"And why, Francoise?"

"You have wasted too much of your life and of your thoughts upon woman's love. And now, sire, the years steal on, and the day is coming when even you will be called upon to give an account of your actions and of the innermost thoughts of your heart. I would see you spend the time that is left to you, sire, in building up the church, in showing a noble example to your subjects."

The king sank back into his chair with a groan. "Forever the same," said he. "Why, you are worse than Father la Chaise and Bossuet."

"Nay, nay," said she gayly, with the quick tact in which she never failed. "I have wearied you when you have stooped to honor my little room with your presence. That is indeed ingratitude, and it were a just punishment if you were to leave me in solitude tomorrow and so cut off all the light of my day. And why have you not ridden today, sire?"

"Pah! It brings me no pleasure. There was a time when my blood was stirred by the blare of the horn and the rush of the hoofs, but now it is all wearisome to me."

"And hawking too?"

"Yes; I shall hawk no more."

"But, sire, you must have amusement."

(To be Continued.)

Death From Lockjaw.

Never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaersville, N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures Cuts, Wounds, Burns and Sores. 25c at all druggists.

SILENT CONTEST FOR HALL OF FAME

Indiana Senator and the Vice-President in Race.

Timely Warning Against Indiscriminate Attacks on Capital Is Appreciated.

GENERAL KEIFER'S PRESENCE.

Washington, Dec. 10. — Neither Vice President Fairbanks nor Senator Beveridge will say anything about the controversy raging in their state with regard to which favorite son of Indiana will occupy in effigy the vacant niche in Statuary hall at the capitol. The personal qualifications of Thomas A. Hendricks, Gen. George Rogers Clark, Gen. Lew Wallace and Gen. Benjamin Harrison do not seem to interest them, or if they do neither of the Indiana statesman is showing signs. A wag has suggested that the niche might appropriately be taken up by a statue of Senator Beveridge in his favorite attitude of handing a lemon to the Fairbanks presidential boom.

Attacks on Capital.

The tenor of the president's message continues to be a source of interest, both inside the capitol and out. His desire to call a halt on the indiscriminate attacks on all corporate wealth is regarded as timely. Public men have noticed with growing alarm the tendency of the people to class as corrupt every association of men incorporated for legitimate business. There has been some excuse for the wave of sentiment in the cases of corrupt practices unearthed in several quarters, but the unreasoning manner in which the American public has elected to visit the sins of a very few on the heads of the many will, in time, precipitate commercial unrest and result in panic. In the very first sentence of his message pertaining to the question of labor and capital President Roosevelt said:

"In dealing with both labor and capital, with the questions affecting both corporations and trades unions there is one matter more important to remember than aught else, and that is the infinite harm done by preachers of mere discontent."

This rebuke, so clearly and firmly administered, is regarded as one of the most striking points made in the presidential message.

Gen. Keifer.

Gen. J. Warren Keifer, one of the picturesque figures on the floor of the house, was early on the scene. Togged out as of old in his black evening suit with a dazzling display of immaculate shirt front, he drew the eyes of the occupants of the ladies' gallery on the opening day of the session. One woman, who had been watching him moving around among his colleagues, shaking hands here and leaning forward to whisper in the ear of another, finally turned to a friend at her elbow:

"Who is that man in the evening suit,—the one with the gray whiskers—bobbing around among the congressmen taking their orders?" she asked.

"Why, that's Congressman Keifer, of Ohio," said her companion, severely. "He was once speaker of the house. Taking orders indeed! What put that idea into your head?"

"Oh, well, I thought he was ——," she began apologetically. "I really believed he was a — O, well, never mind!"

Sinners would have a lot more fun if good people would let them alone.

Woman is the one problem that science can never solve.

It takes a woman to do things properly without knowing how.

NOBODY SPARED.

Kidney Troubles Attack Paducah Men and Women, Old and Young Alike.

Kidney ills seize young and old alike—

Quickly come and little warning give.

Children suffer in their early years—

Can't control the kidney secretions.

Girls are languid, nervous, suffer pain.

Women worry, can't do daily work.

Robust men have lame and aching backs.

Old folks, weak, rheumatic, lame.

Endure distressing urinary ills.

The cure for man, for woman, or for child

Is to cure the cause—the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys.

Cure all the varied forms of kidney suffering.

Paducah testimony guarantees every box.

T. G. Elder, of 1801 Monroe street, Paducah, carpenter at the Illinois Central railroad, says: "A friend of mine who had procured Doan's Kidney Pills at DuBois, Kolb & Co.'s drug store and used them in his family recommended them so highly that I gave them to a little girl of ours, 10 years of age. We had given her so much medicine for kidney weakness that she absolutely refused to take anything, but finally coaxing succeeded. Before she completed the use of two boxes we stopped giving her the remedy as she no longer required it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name —Doan's — and take no other.

ROOSEVELT EPIGRAMS.

Here are some of the striking sentences in President Roosevelt's message:

Careless use of the injunctive process tends to threaten its very existence.

Every lynching represents by just so much a loosening of the bands of civilization.

Every colored man should realize that the worst enemy of his race is the negro criminal.

It is a sure sign of a base nature always to ascribe base motives for the actions of others.

Corruption is never so rife as in communities where the demagogue and the agitator bear full sway.

There is nothing so vitally essential to the welfare of the nation.... as the home life of the average citizen.

The American people....will not subscribe to the doctrines that any public servant is to be above all criticism.

Education superintended by the state must seek rather to produce a hundred good citizens than merely one scholar.

Next to the negro himself, the man who can do most to help the negro is his white neighbor who lives near him.

Let justice be both sure and swift, but let it be justice under the law, and not the wild and crooked savagery of a mob.

It is righteousness, and not peace, which should bind the conscience of a nation as it should bind the conscience of an individual.

No more short-sighted policy can be imagined than, in the fancied interest of one class, to prevent the education of another class.

Education must seek to train the executive powers of young people and to confer more real significance upon the phrase "dignity of labor."

A just war is, in the long run, far better for a nation's soul than the most prosperous peace obtained by acquiescence in wrong or injustice.

No man, no woman, can shirk the primary duties of life, whether for love of ease and pleasure or for any other cause, and retain his or her self-respect.

The man who debauches others to obtain a high office stands on an evil equality of corruption with the man who debauches others for financial profit.

The only other persons whose welfare is as vital as the welfare of the whole country as is the welfare of the wage-workers are the tillers of the soil—the farmers.

In international rivalry this country does not have to fear the competition of pauper labor as much as it has to fear the educated labor of specially trained competitors.

The best Americanism is that which aims for stability and permanence of prosperous citizenship, rather than immediate returns on large masses of capital.

Willful sterility is, from the standpoint of the nation, from the standpoint of the human race, the one sin for which the penalty is national death, race death—a sin for which there is no atonement.

GUN SHE CARRIES FOR PROTECTION

Inflicts Probably Fatal Injuries to Young Woman.

Grasping Weapon as She Traversed Lonely Fill it Discharges in Her Breast.

MISS LEONORA GIBSON MAY DIE

Miss Leonora Gibson, 25 years old, daughter of Flagman William Gibson, residing on Tennessee street at the Illinois Central railroad crossing, probably fatally shot herself Saturday night shortly after 7 o'clock. The girl was carrying a pistol for protection, and accidentally pulled the trigger sending a bullet through her left lung. She declares it to be purely accidental.

Miss Gibson was formerly employed as an operator in the exchange of the Home Telephone company, but for three weeks has been doing office work in the office of the Johnston & Denker Coal company near her home. She carried money in her left hand and in her right, which she held under her long cloak, she grasped the pistol. Miss Gibson was returning from the grocery. When the Tennessee street fill between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, was reached, she accidentally discharged the weapon. Her cries attracted attention and Grocer Charles Speck and Mr. and Mrs. E. M. White ran to her assistance. Mr. and Mrs. White were on the street en route home, and Mr. Speck at his grocery at Thirteenth and Tennessee streets.

The young woman was taken to Riverside hospital, where Drs. P. H. Stewart, W. J. Bass, L. L. Smith and H. T. Rivers attended her. The bullet entered her lower left breast and went through the lung coming out the back.

The doctors pronounced it probably fatal, and Police Judge D. A. Cross went to Riverside and took Miss Gibson's dying statement. She related the facts briefly as above told.

The father of Miss Gibson is about 70 years old and has one leg amputated. One year ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis and had to cease work in the Tennessee street gate tower, where he was employed by the Illinois Central. In July he sustained a second stroke and since then the aged flagman has been unable to leave his bed. His daughter was his means of support.

Deadly Serpent Bites.

Are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Bitters; the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my wife to perfect health, after years of suffering with dyspepsia and a chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold on guarantee by all druggists. Price 50c.

Only Moving.

Mark Twain tells this story: When he was young and struggling a friend of his met him walking through the streets with a cigar box under his arm. She said to him:

"Mr. Clemens, whenever I see you there is a cigar box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much."

"It isn't that," said the imperturbable Mark, "I'm only moving again."

Subscribe for the Sun.

Some children fear the dark as much as some men fear the light.

Villians in the plays have to be awfully bad in order to make good.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

List of new subscribers added by the East Tennessee Telephone Company today:

3001—Jackson, Mrs. Emery, 924 South Fifth.

429—Mechanics and Farmers Savings Bank, 210 Broadway.

495—Stahl, T. J. & Co., First and Jefferson.

2995—Holland, J. D., 915 Trimble.

2996—Glass, Albert, 1211 North Fourteenth.

We have in the city over 3,000 subscribers or five times as many as the Independent company; outside the city and within the county we have 65 times as many subscribers as the Independent company. Yet it will place a telephone in your residence at the same rate the Independent company is supposed to charge, and provide in addition, long distance facilities which will enable you to reach fully fifty million people from your home.

Call 300 for further information.